

SAYS
THE EDITORWHY NOT BUY PROPERTY
OF MARY GOOLD FOR
CITY HALL?

As far as THE CYMBAL is concerned the city hall site proposition is just as clear as the nose on your face.

Mary Goold offers for \$18,000 the entire block partially occupied now by the Lynn Hodges stables. This block comprises eight 25-ft. lots and two 30-ft. lots. This is an admirable site for the city hall.

In the face of opposition to the Sixth street site by John Catlin, Alice Nugent and Keith Evans, it is a way out.

These so-called public-spirited citizens who have been considering the Sixth street site of the Gates-de-Sabla property have a rare opportunity here to prove their desire to do something for the good of the people of Carmel.

Let them buy the Junipero-faced five lots, four of them 25-ft. and the other 30-ft. and offer it to the city of Carmel as a site for a city hall for, say, \$10,000 of the total \$18,000 which Mary Goold sets on the entire block.

That leaves them four 25-ft. lots facing on Ocean avenue and one 30-ft. lot facing on Torres. This will give them a nice piece of property which they can put on the market to their own private advantage.

Of course, everyone knows that John Catlin's protest about the closing of Sixth street has nothing to do whatsoever with the matter of a city hall site per se but has to do only with Catlin's personal interest as representing Alice Nugent, whose property extends along Junipero street and part of which is being bought now by contract by Keith Evans.

THE CYMBAL wants to put these things on record. THE CYMBAL sees no reason why various matters should be discussed on Ocean avenue and kept out of the public print. John Catlin, Alice Nugent and Keith Evans are interested only in their own welfare and not in the welfare of the community of Carmel in this case.

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**A. G. E. HANKE DEMONSTRATES
HOW PERSONAL INTEREST
HINDERS COMMUNITY
WELFARE**

This also applies to the attitude of A. G. E. Hanke as regards the welfare of the children of the Sunset School district. Hanke's interest is purely personal. Although he spent fifteen minutes of good time at the meeting of the school board Wednesday afternoon in telling us that we should consider police protection, fire protection and the general safety of pupils going to the proposed new Carmel High School, we knew, and everyone in the room at the Sunset School knew, that he was thinking only of the Hanke property interest and that he had no thought whatsoever for the welfare of the children of the school district.

The editor of THE CYMBAL had the nerve to stand up and say this, which means a considerable amount of grief for him, but which was really a manifestation of the opinion held by the fifty people assembled at the meeting.

—W. K. B.

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 10 • No. 10

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MARCH 10, 1939

FIVE CENTS

Comstock and Van Riper Tangle On School Site Usable Acreage

Pasquier Trio Appears Tonight in Concert of Music Society



With the Pasquier Trio appearing tonight, the Carmel Music Society has only one more concert in this year's series, to-wit: Casadesus, the French pianist. He appears on Wednesday, March 22.

Concerning the Pasquier Trio, its members are brothers and have played together since childhood. They come of a family in which music was as much a part of the daily routine as eating. They were all brilliant students at the Paris Conservatoire, and all played in symphony orchestras until they

were ready to form their own trio which they had planned from boyhood. The result of this long and intimate association is their unequalled perfection of ensemble.

Of Casadesus, those who have heard him on the Sunday Evening Hour can form some idea. They can also understand why his concerts in New York this winter have been so crowded and so stirringly reviewed. As one person wrote, "Casadesus is the most interesting artist I have listened to this winter."

Carmel Youth All Excited About Kite Day on March 18

March 18, day of the Kite Festival, draws near, and with it comes the usual excitement and rivalry among Carmel school children. The group of judges has been selected and prizes listed.

The judges are as follows:

Best kite—Rev. C. J. Hulswé, William O'Donnell, Don Dodgson. Oddest kite—Robert Van Den Bergh, Mrs. Webster Street, Col. C. G. Lawrence.

Highest Flying kite—Andy Wiedemann, Jon Konigshofer, Dr. Grant Phillips.

Prettiest kite—Mrs. Margaret Lang, the Rev. Michael O'Connell, Major and Mrs. Ralph Coote.

The Festival, which was started many years ago by the Rev. Willis G. White, has become a tradition in Carmel and is looked forward to by children from one year to the next.

The children will assemble with their kites at Sunset School at 1:30 o'clock, Saturday afternoon. From there they will parade up San Carlos street to Ocean avenue, down Ocean to Camino Real, where the Rev. Mr. White lives, then out by the Mission to Hatton Fields Mesa. Transportation will be furnished to all those who desire it. Any parents taking their own cars are asked to join the parade.

Leading the march will be Mayor Herbert Heron, Chief of Police Robert Norton and Fire Chief Robert Leidig.

Prizes decided upon by Clayton Schuttish, head of arrangements, are the following:

BEST KITE.

Kindergarten to 2nd Grade: 1,

Flashlight; 2, Carpenter's ruler; 3, Model boat; 4, Crayons and paint book.

3rd to 5th Grades: 1, Camera; 2, Jig saw; 3, Model airplane; 4, 6th to 8th Grades: 1, Watch; 2, Book, "New Worlds to Conquer"; 3, Model ship; 4, Baseball.

ODDEST KITE—BOYS.

1, Fishing pole; 2, Hunting knife; 3, Book, "Treasure Island"; 4, Set of "Big Little Books."

PRETTIEST KITE—GIRLS.

1, Book, "Little Women"; 2, Hand-carved wooden pin; 3, Wooden scrapbook covers; 4, Manicure set.

HIGHEST FLYING KITE.

1, Chinese checkers game; 2, Book, "Camp Lore and Woodcraft"; 3, Purse; 4, Eversharp pencil.

Any parent or friend interested in kites is urged to make one. There will be a space for these kites to fly, although they will not compete for prizes. Likewise any boy or girl on the Peninsula is invited to participate.

For each child entering, there will be a surprise, whether or not his is a prize-winning kite.

Arthur Hull and Clifford Squier, members of the Sunset School faculty, are assisting with arrangements.

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The younger members of All Saints' choir were the guests of the Rev. C. J. Hulswé at a theater party last Saturday afternoon with refreshments afterwards. Among the guests were Baird Bardarson, Dick Rohr, Tommie Leach, Fenni-

FORMER DECLARES STATEMENTS CONFUSING, MISLEADING AND NOT BASED ON FACTS

In an endeavor to clarify the High School site situation Charles Van Riper makes the following statement to The Cymbal. We are glad to publish it because, principally, it comes from a parent and property owner of the Sunset School district and because it comes also from a man who has manifested his sincere and conscientious interest in the formation of a Carmel district for the education of high school pupils.

As one of those who worked to make it possible for Carmel to have a high school of its own, I would appreciate the courtesy of your columns for the purpose of making a statement in regard to the situation which now exists.

After six weeks away from Carmel, I returned to find that, following the European fashion, a purge had been effected which eliminated Trustees Shea and Graham from the school board. The technique of the purge included a published advertisement advising Carmel voters to defeat the entire high school proposal rather than take a chance of having the school located in Paradise Park. It involved the printing of pamphlets for mailing, and the preparation of petitions demanding that the school board buy a site in Hatton Fields.

Along the length of Ocean avenue members of an aggressive group hung onto other people's button-holes and poured out the story of the bias and stupidity of school trustees who could even consider the "Green Hell" of Paradise Park when a hill-top Elysium was to be had. Having elected trustees (the group prides itself on its efficiency in school elections), these wilful people proposed to dictate the exact parcel of real estate to be purchased . . . dictation which deprived the trustees of any bargaining position and made them targets for a take-it-or-leave-it price from the owners of the land (of which owners the writer is one).

Messrs. Shea and Graham resigned rather than accept such an ultimatum. Trustees were appointed to succeed them, and there was also appointed a "fact-finding" committee.

A meeting was held yesterday . . . Wednesday, March 8, 1939 . . . at the Sunset School and the two sites under immediate consideration were taken out of the "Green Hell vs. Elysium" category and examined on the basis of usable acreage.

The fact-finding committee designated Mr. Bixler, one of its members, to discuss the "usable acreage," and Mr. Bixler, using a contour map and the experience of an extensive examination of the land itself, reported there were 9 1/2 usable acres in the Hatton Fields parcel. (In addition a football field could be built in a canyon back of the building site, but this involved a forty-foot cut and twenty-foot fill. Such a cut would be considerably deeper than the ridge of the Sunset School auditorium is high.)

It had previously been read into the record of the meeting that there (Continued on Page Nine)

Nothing Happens at School and City Hall Site Meeting

I attended two important meetings Wednesday and out of them came nothing important.

I listened for three hours to citizens trying to find out from the high school site committee, appointed by the school trustees, what its findings were, and the only interesting thing in the whole session was my own exorcism of A. G. E. Hanke, who pretended he was considering the welfare of the children of the community while actually only his own personal interests were involved.

Somebody had to tell Hanke just where he got off and as with other unpleasant jobs in the community it fell to the editor of *THE CYMBAL* had to do it.

Dr. Charles E. Bursch was there and in the time questioners permitted him he tried to tell us why he preferred Paradise Park as a site for the proposed new high school as against the Carmel Land property across the highway. He did admit, however, that the Carmel Land property is much more desirable if provision for the safe transporta-

tion of students across the highway could be made.

Outside of that there was nothing in the three hours' meeting of the school board that amounted to a damn. Nobody got anywhere and nobody learned anything. It all may be clear to Hugh Comstock, who acted as chairman of the meeting, and even L. O. Kellogg seemed to know what was going on but certainly none of the Sunset School district citizens did.

The same thing happened at the meeting of the city council.

The press, at least, attended the council meeting in the evening with the idea that we would learn something about the recommendation of the city hall site committee.

All we got was the reading of a letter from John Catlin, signed also by Alice Nugent, Keith Evans and Mary Goold, protesting the proposed closing of Sixth avenue and using it as a part of the site for the city hall.

An editorial in this issue of *THE CYMBAL* gives *THE CYMBAL*'s opinion in regard to the cit

—W. K. B.

OUT OF PRINT

It is doubtful if anything is more interesting than comparing the old and new styles of writing; of noting the complete transformation in journalistic methods over a period of years. When one chances upon a piece of journalism that is true Americana it usually proves to be a real gem.

In reading the following, the question comes to mind as to whether it is a journalistic effort or a literary one. Possibly it will bring to mind, too, the obit notice demanded of an unwilling sports writer about an old maid.

WASHINGTON ENTOMBED

George Town, Dec. 20, 1799

"On Wednesday last, the mortal part of WASHINGTON the Great—the Father of his Country and the Friend of man, was confined to the tomb, with solemn honors and funeral pomp.

"A multitude of persons assembled, from many miles round, at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief. There were the groves—the spacious avenues, the beautiful and sublime scenes, the noble mansion—but alas! the august inhabitant was now no more. That great soul was gone. His mortal part was there indeed; but ah! how affecting! how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness, thus to mortal eyes fallen!—Yes! fallen! fallen!

"In the long and lofty Portico, where oft the Hero walked in all his glory, now lay the shrouded corpse. The countenance still composed and serene, seemed to depress the magnificence of the spirit which had dwelt in that lifeless form. There those who paid the last sad honours to the benefactor of his country, took an impressive—a farewell view.

"On the ornament, at the head of the coffin, was inscribed Surge ad Judicium—about the middle of the coffin, GLORIA DEO—and on the silver plate,

GENERAL

GEORGE WASHINGTON,
Departed this life, on the 14th
December,
1799. A. E. 68.

"Between three and four o'clock, the sound of artillery from a vessel in the river, firing minute guns, awoke afresh our solemn

sorrow—the corpse was moved—a band of music with mournful melody melted the soul into all the tenderness of woe."

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For those of you who remember, and enjoyed, *The Golden Book* magazine, there is a new publication on the news-stands that judging from its first two editions seems destined to take its place.

For years *The Golden Book* filled a long felt need for those who enjoyed delving into the better class of stories and articles of the past. Between its covers were found choice tid-bits plucked from the classics; tid-bits that took years of persistent research to uncover. Like *Readers Digest* the editors did the research for you and the fruits you reaped without tiring effort. But few really appreciated a task made easy, I suppose, and *The Golden Book* died a martyr's death.

Now comes *The Golden Door*—a small pocket-sized edition published monthly at Yellow Springs, Ohio. Its editors obviously are convinced of the need of reviving the classics. Of offering the best writing, the most amusing, the most characteristic of their times to those too few discriminating people who will read them. It is designed for those few, too, for those who can appreciate and enjoy the nonsensical poetry of Edward Lear—who can roar in laughter over

BILL WELSH GETS ENCOMIUMS IN NAVY ACTIVITIES

Editor, *THE CYMBAL*:

William W. Welsh, whose home is in Carmel, California, Box 496, has been selected as the Honor Man of his company by his instructors at this station for the week ending March 4, 1939.

Welsh enlisted in the Navy at the Navy Recruiting Station in San Francisco, California, on January 6, 1939. Since that time he has been learning the necessary qualifications to fit himself for a career as a man-o'-wars man.

At this station it is the custom to select every week the one man of each company of ninety recruits among whom he has shown by his outstanding ability, his zeal, and his loyalty, that he is worthy of this special designation.

Friends of this young man and of his mother, Mrs. Rae M. Welsh, will be happy to learn that he is adapting himself so nicely to the high standards which the modern Navy has set for its bluejackets and that he has started on his Naval career with such distinctive promise.

Respectfully,

A. T. MOEN
Commander, U. S. Navy,
Training Officer.

San Diego, Calif.

March 4, 1939.

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Enthusiasm for skiing has grown by leaps and bounds in Eureka this year, reports the Eureka office of the National Automobile Club. Skis may be rented by the day and on Sundays there are busses for skiers, which leave in the morning for the ski slopes and return in the afternoon. There is a minimum charge for the round trip.

the "Curtain Lectures" of Douglas Jerrold—for those who read for mental stimulus and for enjoyment rather than escape.

There is a definite need for such a magazine in this mad world. Let us hope it will enjoy a long and prosperous life.

"Moor Born" Opens Thursday for a Run Of Four Days at First Theater

"Moor Born," Dan Totheroh's drama of the famous Bronte family, opens next Thursday evening, in the First Theater in California, Monterey, to run through the week-end, March 16, 17, 18 and 19.

Mario Ramirez, director, with Connie Bell as Emily, Willa May McIntosh as Charlotte, Flavia Flavin as Anne, Gordon Knoles as Branwell, Noel Sullivan as the Reverend P. Bronte, Edith Frisbie as Tabby, Peggy Clampett as Martha and George Smith as Christopher, is succeeding in catching the inner spiritual forces which carved the destinies of the Brontes.

Mario Ramirez is not only a director but a designer, and he it is who has designed and executed the settings for "Moor Born." The stage which has resounded to cheers for the conquering hero of the old melodramas has become the living room of Charlotte, Emily and Anne, with "father's room" upstairs.

The town of Haworth, which has become synonymous with the Brontes, lies imbedded in the moors on an old road between Keighley and Colne in Yorkshire. Old stone houses, flag-stones under foot, a long, narrow street with the church at its summit, and the parsonage, home of the Brontes, facing down on the church. Here it was that Charlotte, Emily and Anne, with their brother Branwell, grew up, with the graveyard on two sides of house and garden, and the bleak, black-purple moors making "a monotonous and illimitable barrier."

The population of the little town was somewhat lawless, and offered adventure to the reckless Branwell, while the moors beckoned to Emily, inspiring her to write, "This is my home where whirlwinds blow."

"Moor Born" is the first serious drama to be presented in the historic Monterey theater, which was just being built as the life of Emily

Bronte came to a close. Its terrific forces, and moving story enacted by a brilliant cast, will be as a page from "Jane Eyre" or "Wuthering Heights," not to be missed by any reader of English literature.

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For 14 years the community of Oakdale, Stanislaus County, has heralded the coming of Spring with a festival to the almond blossoms, according to the touring department of the National Automobile Club. The 1939 Oakdale Almond Blossom Festival is to be held Sunday, March 5, with a varied program of dancing, music and oratory. No charge is made for any event.

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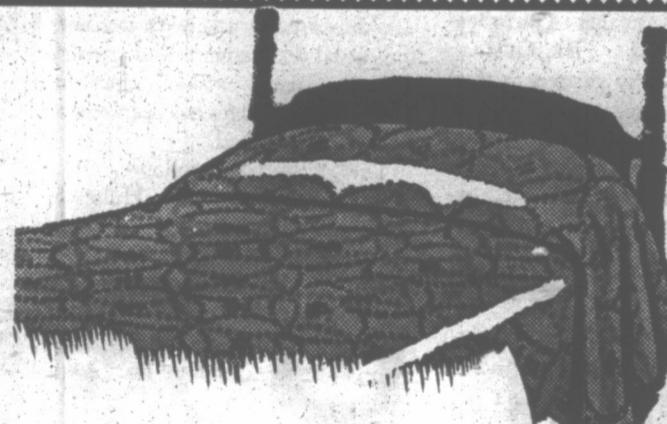
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LUNCH AND
DINNER



The Carmel Cymbal

Anne Fisher Here, Addresses P-T.A. Tuesday

Anne Fisher, novelist, bacteriologist, sculptor and wife who "lives with a man and loves it," has been secured by the Carmel P-T.A. to speak at the Sunset Auditorium next Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Her lecture, "A Month in a Sixteenth Century Castle," is the same one she will give in San Francisco on March 20 in one of the Six Famous Women Series presented under the direction of Kay McMann. She and Professor Fisher spent a month not long ago in "The House in Antigua," made famous in Louis Adamic's novel of that name. She brought back with her delightful stories of Guatemala and its people and a collection of their handicraft work. These things will form the context of her talk.

Her book, "Live With a Man and Love It," was written after a laughing conversation with her publisher on Marjorie Hillis' "Live Alone and Like It" and was an instant success. Her newest book, "Wide Road Ahead," a romantic novel of a woman bacteriologist with a Monterey County background, will be reviewed next Saturday morning by Eleanor Irwin over station KDON at 9:45. Mrs. Fisher will also be at Holman's in the afternoon to autograph copies of this book.

The P-T.A. wants everyone to share Mrs. Fisher with them and has extended an invitation to you and to all of your friends, whether you're members of the association or not, to come and hear her. The auditorium will be used rather than the library so that the expected crowd can be accommodated.

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TO REVIEW "FANNY KEMBLE" BEFORE WOMAN'S CLUB

"Fanny Kemble," Margaret Armstrong's outstanding biography of the "passionate Victorian," will be reviewed next Wednesday morning before the Woman's Club book section by Mrs. E. A. Fraser. This will be Mrs. Fraser's first appearance before the club. She has a congenial subject in the book which has proved one of the chief favorites in the club's own circulating library this year. The review will be given at 10:30 at Pine Inn.

The bridge section of the club will hold its regular meeting at Pine Inn on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Thursday morning at 10:30 the garden section will foregather at the home of Mrs. Joseph Le Conte, on Shafter Way in Hatton Fields.

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BARIE O'SHEA HAS CLASS ATTRACTIVE TO WOMEN

The group that meets every other Saturday night at Del Monte's Copper Cup Room, and, under the able tutelage of Barrie O'Shea, learns how to deal nonchalantly with rhumbas, Congos, tangos and the like, were shooed over to the Polo Club for their last meeting due, we suppose, to pressure of affairs at the hotel. This was very okay with them, however, no kicks coming even if it happened that way every week.

This group, which grows consistently from week to week, includes among its number the Allen Griffins, the William Dekkers, Mrs. Jane Calkins, Colden and Kit Whitman, Captain and Mrs. J. Glasgow, Major and Mrs. D. Langton, the Stanley Simonsons, Mrs. Muriel Marsh, the Walter Snooks and the Martin Bakers.

Louis Sobol Writes Particularly Nice Things About Carmel

Nice things about Carmel and particularly nice things about Sadé Latham completely made up Luis Sobol's syndicated column, "New York Cavalcade," recently.

Starting off, he wrote:

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CARMEL, Cal.—This beautiful haven by the sea is what Westport in Connecticut is to writing and painting gentlemen—and you might throw in great gobs of Woodstock, N.Y. Tired novelists, iconoclastic poets and carefree artists congregate here for their lazy spells—and I can't say that I blame them. If there is to be a columnist-at-large with permanent headquarters in Carmel of California, by all means let me be considered as an eager applicant.

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I could, if I were so minded, devote this bit of space to a description of the scenic marvels—of a 17-mile drive through heavenly isolation, wooded and sea-bound—of seals frolicking unmolested on rock sanctuaries near shore, of snow-white sand beach

ADOLESCENT YOUTH SUBJECT OF DISCUSSION GROUP

Mrs. Mercy Nutting will direct the second meeting of the discussion group on "The Emotional Growth of Adolescent Youth" this afternoon in Sunset School library from 1:30 until 3:30. The subject this time will be "Living Together in the Family."

Twenty women attended the opening session last Friday and were keenly interested in planning the subjects for later meetings and in joining in the discussion of "Emotional Poise" under Mrs. Nutting's skillful leadership.

These discussions will be held each Friday until April 14 with the exception of April 7 which falls in the spring vacation. Subjects for later meetings include "Social Poise," "Social Activities," "Time and Cash Budgets" and "How Life Begins."

DON BLANDING BIG TIME AT SOROPTIMIST CLUB

Don Blanding was the *piece de resistance* at the luncheon meeting of the Soroptimist Club at Hotel San Carlos last Wednesday, and because of the widespread interest in such an event, members had the privilege of inviting guests. Don read some of his poems.

LA COLLECTA TAKES A LOOK AT "READER'S DIGEST"

La Collecta Club held its meeting last Wednesday week at the home of Miss Grace Ricketson with 13 members present. Mrs. Cecil Haskell, who was in charge of the program, read several articles from a recent *Reader's Digest*, and there was a question and answer game pertaining to school days contrived and presented by Mrs. Vive Harber. The birthday of Mrs. D. E. Nixon was celebrated.

The next meeting will be on March 15 at the home of Mrs. Cecil Haskell on Monte Verde. Miss Flora Gifford will be in charge of the program.

JEAN COWAN AT DEL MONTE WITH ALLAN JONES

Jean Cowan was seen at Hotel Del Monte last Saturday night with Allan Jones, the same Allan Jones who sang the "Donkey Serenade" so magnificently in "The Firefly." Evidently Jones was AWOL because Jean refuses to comment.

Red Cross Starts Braille Classes

Following the presentation of the Braille method of reading for the blind, by Mrs. Edgar Williams, Carmel Red Cross has decided to inaugurate a Braille class under Mrs. Williams' direction. C. W. Lee, chairman, announces that he has appointed Miss Jane Burritt, chairman of this new department, with power to appoint committee members. It is hoped that persons having leisure time will take up this work and thereby bring joy to those unable to see.

At the April meeting of the Executive committee, Chapter officers for 1939 were appointed by the chairman. Mrs. Sidney A. Trevett will act as vice-chairman; James L. Cockburn, secretary; Charles L. Berkey, treasurer. Peter Mawdsley will audit the chapter records.

As soon as directions are received from headquarters, it is proposed to establish a Volunteer Blood Transfusion group in Carmel in order that persons may be typed and their blood given to those in need through the Peninsula Community Hospital. This is another of the humanitarian helps through Red Cross.

The Red Cross clothing depart-

ment has been very busy all winter and hundreds of garments, shoes and underwear have been distributed to those in need. Miss P. Leslie King, executive secretary, suggests that this department can always use clothing.

Carmel Chapter has been invited to send delegates to the National convention, held this year on April 24 to 27, at Washington D.C.

A new record was chalked up for 1939 memberships. Final results: 1137 members; welfare budget, \$5,209.75.

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BILL MILLIS NOW CLERK TO SENATOR TICKLE

Bill Millis, who for two weeks now has been pursuing his new duties up in Sacramento as clerk to Senator Ed Tickle, writes briefly but enthusiastically concerning his work.

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**DOG DAYS-
AND NIGHTS**



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Husky Nugent's seriousness in carrying out his role of guardian of the house is sometimes a bit embarrassing to the friends of his owner, Mrs. Alice Nugent.

The other afternoon a friend came to call and Mrs. Nugent wasn't home, but Husky was there guarding the house. He greeted the visitor in a very friendly manner and offered to escort her back to her car.

On the way back to the car, the lady saw a huge pile of pine knots. She stopped and picked one off the pile and started on to her car with it. Husky looked at her very disapprovingly and very quietly but firmly took the pine knot out of her hand and replaced it on the pile. Then he trotted back to the lady and in a friendly manner again offered to escort her to her car.

The visitor told Mrs. Nugent, the next time she saw her, that Husky made her feel like a youngster caught with one hand in the cookie-jar.

There is a new little Pekingese puppy over at Mrs. James Glaser's house named Peling. The roly-poly ball of fur was a very special gift to young Joanie Glaser who has a very uncomfortable case of poison-oak.

There were four dogs in the Glaser family already—Sandy and Peko here, and Jitters and Nicodemus at home in Glencoe, Illinois. (The four of them take turns coming West every Spring for a vacation.)

Sandy, a huge shaggy Airedale, thinks Peling is awfully cute and likes to play with him. But Peko, who is a Pekingese, too, is very much put out at having another Pekingese in the family so he sulks all day. Peling, however, is quite oblivious to the hostility of her fellow country-man and already has taken possession of the rug in front of the fireplace.

Among those convalescing from the recent flu epidemic are Baron Sparks, the Dachshund belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Al Sparks, Peter Eldridge, David Eldridge's Yorkshire Terrier, Spatts Ogden, the Cocker owned by Terry Ogden, Michael Frost, the big Setter belonging to Mrs. Hazel Frost, and Mary McIndoo's Pekingese, Miss Click.

Of all of them, Baron says he

THIS THING AND THAT

TRIOLET

Round and round the swallows fly
Without a chart or compass.
Learned doctors question why
Round and round the swallows fly
And analyze until they die
To show by weighty rumpus:
Round and round the swallows fly
Without a chart or compass.

—EDITH FRISBIE

**CERTAIN PEOPLE OF
IMPORTANCE**

William Stelling arrived at the Tony Lawrences last week from Hollywood and is staying at their house in Carmel Woods until he can find suitable digs of his own, for it seems he'd like to stay on a while.

Bill's business is acting. His background and experience is interesting. His father was a sea captain and, later, an official of North German Lloyd in New York. His mother is English. Much of Bill's boyhood was spent in Bremerhaven, Germany, and in Surrey, England.

His professional theater work began in 1927 when he was going to college in Ithaca and the opportunity came to play Raleigh in the road company of "Journey's End." He played it for 15 months all over the eastern seaboard.

Next came "Queenless," a play written by Martin Goldsmith with Bill's finger well into it and which he produced in Roerich Hall in New York in 1931.

A summer with S. M. Graham and the Mount Kisco Players and then a part in the original company of "Damn Deborah" which they played successfully in New York and in Dennis on Cape Cod (Walter Roberts, the author and a former college professor of Bill's, is now under contract at Paramount), and then a part at the St. James' in "Dark Hours," directed and produced by Marjorie Marquis. "Dark Hours" had a short run and then Paramount signed him up and he went to Hollywood. This was 1933.

From Paramount, Bill went over to the Fox Studios, worked in it under the Winnie Sheehan regime and, later, under Schenck and Zanuck. Whether Hollywood made him sick, whether he was unhappy there, or what it was, he didn't

believe he felt the worst because there is so much more of him to feel sick.

Lux Hopkins, the Doberman Pinscher that belongs to Sam Hopkins, is also in the convalescent class. He is recovering from the ill effects of arsenic poisoning.

An out-of-town correspondent glimpsed one of our local glamor boys, Rex Argentum of Hatton Fields entraining at Salinas for a personal appearance tour of the Sunshine Dog Show Circuit. Rex was smartly attired in a white sports jacket and a blasé expression. His matched luggage was green, the canine color choice of the season.

The royal gentleman will be breaking hearts in Phoenix, Tucson, El Paso, Albuquerque and points south for the next few weeks, but all the time he will be thinking of the good times he is missing here, chasing various members of the rabbit family in Hatton Fields.

say and I didn't ask. Perhaps I should have. Perhaps he just wanted to go to England. Anyway, he went there and lots of fun doing a series of plays with the East Croydon Repertory. With that past and done with, it was back to Hollywood again, free-lancing this time. But, he was back in England again last summer. Make of it what you will, he won't care. Here are a few additional statistics of my own to make the making easier:

He's attractive; tall, brown skin, white teeth, light hair; you know the type. There's nothing the matter with his personality, either, although he claims people frighten him. Too many people, he means perhaps. He has a passion for racing cars, has a Bugg Bugatti down in Hollywood right now, and once had an old Miller that he used to race on dirt tracks in the East. His brother is quite a driver. He can't bear barbers messing about his face, and he loathes servility in waiters. He likes to write. He likes to fence.

Carmel has rather an international flavor that interests him, and he likes the cosmopolitan aspect of many of its people, but he's yet a bit uncertain as to Bill Stelling's part in the pattern.

He's staying to find out.

—MARJORIE WARREN

+ + +

**FOOTPRINTERS HOLD SESSION
AT MISSION RANCH CLUB**

The national order of Footprinters met at the Mission Ranch Club last Wednesday night for dinner and dancing and between 65 and 75 couples were present.

Candlelight and huckleberry adorned the tables and Mrs. Addie McKnight's super-elegant food went down in Footprinter annals for all time. The music, served by the Mission Ranch orchestra, kept them on their feet until morning, and altogether it was a swell party.

+ + +

CAPAY VALLEY BLOSSOMS

With the advent of spring weather, many blossoms have come out in Sacramento Valley and environs, reports the Sacramento office of the National Automobile Club. The display of almond blossoms through the Capay Valley is a beautiful sight at present.

**DEL MONTE
DOG & CAT
HOSPITAL**

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Who Care"

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**"Grand Illusion"
Here Tonight**



Challenges Hollywood," and Jean Renoir, who directs it, received the Legion of Honor from the French government for doing so.

"Action for Slander" comes Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, March 12, 13 and 14. This is a London film produced by Victor Saville and stars Clive Brook. This picture offers him his greatest role as a man who sacrifices love, wealth and position to shield an unworthy woman. Beautiful Ann Todd plays Brook's loyal and devoted wife, and Margareta Scott, who vamped Raymond Massey in "Things to Come" is cast as the "other woman."

"Peg of Old Drury" will be presented on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Sir Cedric Hardwicke impersonates one of the greatest actors of all time, David Garrick, in this picture, and Anna Neagle is co-starred with him in the role of Peg Woffington.

+ + +

THIS YEAR'S Annual Bach Festival Edition of THE CYMBAL, out July 14, will be edited by Lynda Sargent.

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Curtain at 8:30

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Single Lecture on Initial Bids \$1.75
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AS THE CROW FRIES

Last week my lead-off jingle lost a couple of feet in the composing room again. Maybe I shouldn't wail about such a matter, it is so small; but the grain of dust that you occasionally get in your eye is small too, and that doesn't prevent its hurting.

Moreover, as I have indicated before, light jingle can't stand any leaks in its meter. Writing that sort of stuff is like blowing bubbles for your own amusement and that

of your readers, and one hole in a bubble changes it from an iridescent triviality to a sloppy bit of soapsuds.

However, I'm going to make one more try at getting my bubbles over intact. And I still have hopes; for W. K. Bassett, Esq., has promised me that such a thing as has happened twice now will happen again only over his dead body.

Long life to you, Bill Bassett!

CONSIDER THE ELEPHANT

The elephant's a wondrous beast:
Though large, he's built compactly.
His west end and his end that's east
Are balanced most exactly.
In fact they match so very well,
Such symmetry is his!
That many people cannot tell
His foremast from his mizzen.

Upon the field of politics,
Where blossom feud and ruction,
He's saved from many a sorry fix
By this unique construction.
For only when he starts to move
Like donkey, horse or camel,
Does evidence come out to prove
He's just another mammal.

Yes, only when he moves about
On members stiffly jointed
Can people tell without a doubt
Which way the brute is pointed.
And that's an aid in any fight,
Since enemy and stranger
Can't know which end is safe to bite
And which is packed with danger.

It's possible that this explains
And goes a way toward proving
Why those who guard him take such pains
To keep the beast from moving.
For though a lot of us may chafe
And call their course ignoble
It's plain that they believe he's safe
So long as he's immobile.

THE ELEPHANT GOT SICK

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, the elephant in the greatest amusement park in the world got sick. He had two strokes, four years apart, and this caused great suffering to the mahouts and keepers and other members of his entourage. For they loved him and made their living out of him, and are ominous and three strikes are ominous and three strikes are out.

So they sat around in the elephant pit and made serious medicine. And the head mahout chanted:

Our elephant is very ill,
We've doctored him with all our
He's wasted something awful.
skill
By every means that's lawful.
He's lying pale and deadly still
His eyes are dim, his pulse is nil,
Nor will he rally to a pill!
Although he's had a jaw full.

The head mahout, you see, was even more worried than the rest of the elephant boys. For he was the real boss around the pit. He knew all about sitting on elephant's heads, and since this was his speciality he didn't want to change occupations. For he found the driver's seat of a pachyderm both exalted and comfortable.

But while he was interested in saving the animal he wanted to do all the prescribing for him. For he was a little uneasy lest some of the minor keepers ladle out medicine which would make the animal unruly. And anything which would make the beast stand on his head, for instance, would not be good for

asked another keeper.

"I propose that we let him alone," the head mahout declared.

"And if he dies?"

"If he dies we will stuff him with hay, and I shall continue to sit on his head."

As he spoke a sob sounded in the corner. And the little boy whom they were training to carry water for the elephant cried:

"I don't want him stuffed. A stuffed elephant would be worse than a stuffed mahout. And we've had enough of them."

"Well then," sneered the mahout, "if you feel that way about it why don't you cure him. You can't even tell us what's the matter with him."

"I can guess," the water boy responded. And now he broke into a chant of his own:

I see with greatest clarity
The reason he's so wasted.
He feeds on popularity
Which lately he's not tasted.
No longer people feed him fat
With praises and with peanuts.
If you can't see the harm in that
You all must surely be nuts.

"Vulgar!" cried the head mahout.

"Vulgar but true," answered the water boy.

"But why has he lost his popularity?" inquired one of the keepers.

"That," declared the water boy, "is the next thing for us to decide on."

(To be continued some time)

I have said that we need a new frontier to support our profit system. I have also said that there is such a frontier in industry, in expansion of the facilities to produce the goods that must support an improved general standard of living. And then I have raised the question, what is keeping us from our new frontier?

Is it democracy itself that is our stumbling block? Does the liberty which exists under that form of government make it impossible for us to handle the machine economy which has developed to such proportions during the past century?

The Nazis seem to believe that this is the case. And they point to their own lack of unemployment as proof of their point. They argue that a strong, centralized government is necessary to make people co-operate; that the government should be able to tell every man, whether employer or laborer, to go to work regardless of wages or profits and create for the common benefit.

By abolishing human liberty they put man in a position to make the machine create more. And when you consider the German poverty of natural resources you will realize that they have accomplished a great deal in this way.

But that isn't gaining mastery of the machine. It is conceding the machine mastery over humans.

Perhaps we could conquer want by following the Nazi lead. But in order to do so we would have to abolish the most sacred guarantees in the Constitution of the United States, to cut the heart out of democracy, to make the men and women of America slaves to a machine system.

There ought to be a better way of killing the wolf of want. There ought to be a way of doing it with the weapons which democracy provides.

Now, what economic weapons does a democratic government possess?

Its only important weapon is the taxing power. For in a democracy government participation in the economic system is pretty well limited

to use of that power.

Governments don't create wealth. They appropriate it, they redivide it, they do all sorts of things with it after it has been created; but the only way in which they can give it to one person is by taking it from another.

So if our government wishes to relieve want it must get the money for this by taxation. And this despite the fact that business men declare nothing is delaying progress today more than excessive taxation.

Taxation, according to these gentlemen, is keeping us from our frontier.

Should we then stop taxing and let people go hungry? No, I can't see the humanity in that.

Or should we go on taxing as we do now and abandon hope of reaching our new frontier? I don't think that either.

For I don't think that the trouble with our taxes is that they are excessive so much as that the taxing system is colossally inefficient. I think that our greatest sufferings are caused by an attempt to apply to a machine economy a system of taxation that was designed for use when electricity meant lightning and steam was something that came out of teakettles.

I think that another, burdenless sort of system can be devised, and that by devising it we may release the log jam that is standing in the way of prosperity and abundance.

There is nothing fundamentally wrong with democracy. There is nothing fundamentally wrong with capitalism and the profit system. But there is something fundamentally wrong with our system of taxation. And by the time I have finished with this series of articles I hope to show you what it is and what to do about it.

—RICHARD L. MASTEN

Sunset School
Menu

March 13-17

Monday: Cream of celery soup, candle salad, spaghetti with tomato to sauce, corn, ice cream.

Tuesday: Vegetable soup, sunset salad, hot dogs, carrots, gingerbread.

Wednesday: Split pea soup, blushing pear salad, candied sweet potatoes, spinach, ice cream.

Thursday: Cream of tomato soup, asparagus salad, beef stew, artichokes, fruit cup.

Friday: Clam chowder, mixed fruit salad, cheese souffle, peas, ice cream.

+

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DE L M O N T E

Tomorrow Night

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at the Shalimar Bowl

Songs by Grayce Joyce
La Conga Contest
and Other
Novelties

"The wittles is up!"



To the young of today life without movies, radios, automobiles and progressive education might seem to have been an appallingly dreary existence. But in my childhood when, for instance, we had a nickel, at least we weren't in danger of nervous prostration from constantly having to make a difficult choice among a bewildering array of possibilities.

Look at any package-candy display in the drugstores or newsstands today. I've never counted the different kinds of five-cent confections offered but there must be at least three dozen, to say nothing of the increasing varieties of chewing gum. Between Baffle-Bars and Bubble Gum you'll find a dizzy assortment of sweets from which to choose.

And among these elaborate cellophane-and-tinfoil-wrapped concoctions can you see any familiar faces that take you back to the turn of the century? Very very few! Beeman's Pepson gum dates pretty far into the past certainly but gum was rarely permitted us in those days. It was not quite nice to chew gum.

So we bought instead those big cakes of sweet chocolate, which were strong and gritty to the taste but infinitely satisfying both as nourishment and as good value for the money. Or, when we desired more elaborate refreshment there were the solid chocolate-slabs filled with different flavors of cream and made with sharp beveled edges. These were done up in tinfoil with a strip of paper around the middle to tell you the kind of filling—and they have survived even unto this day. You can find them at most candy stands, looking a little old-fashioned and prim beside the noisy Baby Ruths with whom they are now forced to consort. And at fairs and carnivals and amusement beaches those good old stand-bys, Cracker Jack and the wax-paper-wrapped cakes of sweetly insipid pink, white and brown popcorn, continue to lure nickels from the hands of all ages.

Come to think over the different five-cent purchases possible those summer days when we trudged across the sand to the old open-air stage at the pavilion, after all it seems we had quite a few to choose from. In addition to the chocolate, Cracker Jack and popcorn just mentioned, there were the more substantial forms of refreshment which came in striped paper bags, namely, the peanuts and hot buttered popcorn!

We hadn't any movies and we hadn't any ice cream cones or popsicles, but don't think we had no entertainment at our quiet little summer resort in the northeast corner of Massachusetts. Indeed, we had a vaudeville show, with a new bill every week!

The performance went through its exciting acts on a bare board stage, without benefit of scenery or curtain. It was just a hollow wooden shell with its back to the ocean, while the seats sloped down to it from the pavilion perching up on a sand dune a bit higher. The center section, just the width of the stage, was furnished with rickety folding chairs. Admission to it cost ten

cents for the evening performance, but only a nickel afternoons. On either side were long splintery wooden benches where, in the daytime, you could actually view the show free! There was no support for your back and nothing but soft and rather dirty sand under your feet, but you could drop peanut shells where you wished, and see and hear almost as well as the plutocrats who paid for the privilege of sitting grandly in the reserved section.

We, in our gingham play dresses and bare legs, preferred nourishment to style. So we spent our nickel for Cracker Jack, popcorn or a cake of chocolate and munched it with our eyes glued to the stage.

Sometimes, on rare occasions, an adult would take us to an evening performance and then, of course, we sat in the center in paid seats. It was thrilling to "go to the show" in the evening. The lights and the crowd, the feeling of opulence and the novelty of being out late combine to make a glittering memory of these special events. The darkness of a summer night closed in around the stage and erased the tawdry edges of things, softened the violent make-up and took at least 30 years from the age of the husky peroxide blonde dressed coyly in little-girl ruffles, white socks and strap slippers. The comedians were twice as funny at night and even the incredibly tinpanny piano, a chronic sufferer from exposure to the salt air, sounded melodiously gay and glamorous. We didn't mind it drowning out the soft murmur and swish of the waves behind the stage and we forgot the yellow sands and blue skies against which we played the drama of our daily life. For those two enchanting hours we were oblivious to everything but the mystery and romance of the theater.

And yet, I must admit that we attended so many more afternoon performances than evening ones that, gradually and inevitably, the sordid realism of vaudeville dimmed any glamor even in our unsophisticated eyes. We could not help seeing that the glaring daylight was cruel to those poor actors and their meagre props. Dirt and tarnish and wrinkles and rouge . . . all were pitilessly exposed.

I do not remember exactly how many seasons the show was a part of our summer life but I was still very young when a winter storm undermined the theater and it was never re-built. I often wonder, quaking a little when psychologists warn us of the terrific importance of childhood experiences, just what those cheap vaudeville shows did to us. Which of my mental quirks harks back to that questionable era I cannot say, but I do know that there are very few things which my conscious mind has retained. I remember, not very happily, the cringing of little trained dogs . . . and comedians who were made up either as black Sambo's or country rubes—but only vaguely. I remember just one act which impressed me at the time as being startlingly clever and original. It had to do with a well on the stage and what must have been a trapdoor under it so that somebody either went down

it or came out of it, to the great enjoyment of the audience. I can't even remember what kind of a skit or plot this figured in—I just remember a well!

And the only other act I still recall, though also only in part, was the buxom female who in a distinctly unmatrial voice sang that heartrending ditty:

*Just for the sake of society
Baby is left all alone . . .*

The consequences, as you all know, were dire. Perhaps that song is why I never left my own baby alone while I was out in "society." If so, then who can say that the cheap vaudeville I was exposed to in my tender formative years wasn't a good thing!

—CONSTANT EATER

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A CAPPELLA CHOIR SINGS TO BIG AUDIENCE

The concert of the A Cappella choir of San Jose State College, brought to Sunset Auditorium last Friday night by the Sunset School student body, was a musical event that shouldn't have been missed. It was difficult to realize, upon hearing these young people sing, that only a few of them are majoring in music, and that 50 of the 60 members were recruited in September. Plaudits to Director William J. Erlandson for his good job in training this group. And plaudits to Sunset school student body for bringing them here.

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RUSSELL FIELD HOUSE WINS PRIZE

The house of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Field down at Coastlands, Big Sur, won second prize in the Eleventh Annual Small House Competition sponsored by House Beautiful magazine. Pictures of the house and its floor plan appear in the February issue of this magazine. The architect was Winchton L. Risley of Los Angeles.

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LYNDA SARGENT will again edit THE CYMBAL'S Annual Bach Festival Edition.

CARMEL

Fri. Sat. • Mar. 10, 11

Jack Benny, Joan Bennett
ARTISTS AND MODELS
ABROAD

Bobby Breen, Leo Carrillo
Fisherman's Wharf

Sun. Mon. Tues. • Mar. 12, 13, 14

Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda
Nancy Kelly
JESSE JAMES

Wed. Thurs. • Mar. 15, 16

Mischa Auer, Mary Boland
Edward Everett Horton
LITTLE TOUGH GUYS
IN SOCIETY

Maureen O'Sullivan, Lew Ayres
Spring Madness

FILM ARTE

FRI. • SAT

"Year's Finest" . . . Daily News

GRAND ILLUSION

ERIC VON STROHEIM

JEAN GABIN

French Dialog

SUN. • MON. • TUES

Alexander Korda's

CLIVE BROOK

Action for Slander

STARTS WED

ANNA NEAGLE

CEDRIC HARDWICKE

PEG OF OLD DRURY

SCHICK VACCINATIONS TO BE RE-TESTED

Re-tests of the Schick vaccinations will take place next Monday at Sunset School, according to Miss Florence Morrow, school nurse. Dr. Dwight Bissell, county health officer, will be there at 1:30 p.m. and children of pre-school age are invited to take advantage of this test.

Out of the 216 children who were Schicked on February 24, 80 got positive reactions. These go to their own doctor for three doses of the toxoid which should make them immune to diphtheria. The Schick test merely determines whether they are susceptible or not.

Smallpox vaccinations will be given the same day. The Schick test is simply a skin reaction test, is harmless, covers a very small area, and does not enter the system

PROFESSOR G. W. DOWRIE TO GIVE TALK BEFORE THE BUSINESS ASSOCIATION

Professor George W. Dowrie, who specialized on money and the things it does and doesn't do, at Stanford University College of Business, will speak tonight before the Carmel Business Association on "What Inflation Would Do in a Community Like Carmel." This is a subject that would seem to interest many people outside of the business association and the general public is welcome to attend.

This is a dinner meeting held at Normandy Inn and it begins at 7 o'clock. The charge for the dinner is \$1 and if you want to attend, call Captain Shelburn Robison at Carmel 860-W.

at all. It will not conflict in any way with the smallpox vaccination.



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of Northern California



109-339

Electric IRONER
LESS WORK—FINER LAUNDERING

Personalities
& Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Riper returned from New York a week ago last Tuesday and since then have dashed up to San Francisco for a few days. Their New York trip took them away from Carmel for a month, and we can say, with emphasis, that they're glad to be back.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Winslow are leaving Carmel and their house on Scenic Drive and Eighth on March 20 to be gone a month or two. Mrs. Winslow will spend most of the time in New York City and Douglas will go over to England to visit with his family.

Marguerite Moll is back from the Peninsula Hospital after a tussle with a streptococcus germ that grabbed her by the throat and laid her low for a while. But Marg won out and will be back on the tennis and badminton courts before long.

William E. Benton, who has been giving character-analysis lectures in various hotels all over the country, was in Carmel last week-end. He put in an appearance at Mrs. Pat Hudgins' last Sunday afternoon at the cocktail hour and Judy Todd, Helen Heavey, the Schuyler Leg-

gets (house-guests of Mrs. Hudgins' from Montreux, Switzerland), the Adolph Hankes and the Golden Whitmans all had an opportunity to learn of potential or hidden talents.

Bob Edgren, back from doing the Fair and hard at work again on his painting, speaks with enthusiasm. Of the art exhibit there which he maintains is the finest collection from different parts of the world he has ever seen. He recommends it as a "must" for all young artists.

Mrs. Margaret Boyle and her daughter, Marilyn, are here from Everett, Washington, as house-guests of Mrs. Carol Yerkes on Lincoln street. They will be here for some time.

Mrs. W. H. Shure, who is a sister of Mrs. Genevieve Butterfield, and who has been on a visit here from her home in Fargo, North Dakota, left for San Francisco last Monday morning. Her daughter, Miss Lyra, is staying on with Mrs. A. E. Durney, daughter of Mrs. Butterfield. Next week the whole family is meeting to do the Fair and the Shures will go on up to Portland before returning to North Dakota.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Redmond of San Rafael have taken Dunrovin Lodge on Carmelo for a week. They return next Monday.

Mrs. Frank (Betty) Work is beginning to become adjusted to being home again after her Australian

trip. With Mrs. T. A. Work, Sr., she sailed on December 16 for Honolulu and after three weeks there, sailed for Australia. They returned on the Mariposa on February 21.

Henry A. Stone of British Columbia returned to Canada last Sunday after being in Carmel for two months.

Mrs. Andrew Hughes is giving a huge tea next Saturday at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club for about 70 people. Many of her guests will go on to the tea after attending the bridge lecture by Ivy Oeachger that same afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Dick Magee and Dick Collins left last Monday for Santa Barbara for the polo tournament. Magee has been staying up in San Mateo with his mother who has been ill.

With seven tables in play last Monday night at the Mission Ranch Club, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Low came out on top, and Dr. and Mrs. Ray Brownell took second highest score.

Zo Elliott, who has been living in Carmel for several months working on his opera, "What Price Glory," left this week for Boston. He plans to return later on in the year.

Mrs. F. H. Clark of Berkeley was in her home Green Breakers on The Point for a few days this week.

Miss Georgia Simmons, famous character actress and radio personality, is a guest of Don Blanding and will be at Vagabond's House for a week. Miss Simmons played in "Mountain Music," many westerns, and at present has a part in "Man of Conquest," the Sam Houston picture starring Richard Dix, now in the making.

Mrs. Burleigh Hall Murray had friends in last Thursday week for one of her famous English teas with hot buttered scones, shortbread and suchlike delights. Her guests this day included Mrs. Genevieve Butterfield and her sister, Mrs. W. H. Shure of Fargo, North Dakota; Miss Lyra Shure; Mrs. A. E. Durney; Mrs. Florence Smith; Mrs. Edmund Kitson; Mrs. Helen Heinlein; Mrs. Edna Adams and Mrs. Ted Warren.

Armfuls of daffodils sent from Los Gatos by her brother were sufficient excuse for an informal tea held Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Nye on Dolores and Eleventh street. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Sanford, Mrs. Burleigh C. Murray and her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh Hall Murray, Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Brennan, Mr. and Mrs. Orrin S. Goan, Mrs. Calvert Meade and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Musaus of Monterey.

Leatrice Joy and her husband, William S. Hook, were visitors at Del Monte Lodge last week-end. They were returning from the Fair, and before going on South had time to look up Don Blanding. He had dinner with them Monday night. They'll be up again soon.

Mrs. Donald McDonald of Pacific Grove was hostess at a luncheon last Tuesday at Alpine Inn. Afterwards her guests returned to her home for two tables of bridge.

Sydney and Laura Adams Armier, who have been staying in Carmel since before Christmas, first with Mrs. Dorothy Sheldon in the

MRS. HARPER SIBLEY TALKS
AT ALL SAINTS' SUNDAY

Mrs. Harper Sibley will speak next Sunday morning at All Saints' Episcopal Church at the 11 o'clock service.

Mrs. Sibley, who spoke here last summer, is a member of the National Council of this church and was one of its delegates to the Oxford and Edinburgh conferences. Her home is in Rochester, N.Y. She brings an outstanding message.

The Service of the Holy Communion is held at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning. The Church School begins at 9:30 a.m.

Next Wednesday, Holy Communion at 10:15 a.m. and lecture, with period of discussion led by the Rev. C. J. Hulsewé on "The Creeds." Non-members of All Saints' are assured of a sincere welcome.

RUSSIAN RIVER HIGHWAY
Of much interest to vacationists in the Russian River District is the awarding of contract covering reconstruction of 3.2 miles of highway between Northwood Park and Guerneville, according to the touring department of the National Automobile Club. The work will consist of grading and surfacing of the road and also two reinforced concrete slab bridges.

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15

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ADS
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Anita Burnham And Be-labeled Suitcase

When Anita Willets Burnham made her entrance from the rear of the room and clattered down the aisle to the platform wearing a cork helmet and a huge, voluminous cape, carrying a bizarre and lengthy reticule (if that is the word, and we think it is) and dragging a be labelled suitcase on wheels behind her, the Carmel Woman's Club knew it was due for a laugh.

We did laugh. Later, perhaps, being a bit ornery about such insistent demand for laughter, we refused. Mrs. Burnham's tale was amusing enough unadorned. She could have given it to us straight and we would have liked it more.

The Burnhams, *mère et père*, with four children under 14 years, the youngest only nine months old, traveled third class because there wasn't a fourth. An average American family, comfortably poor, yet it managed to see the world by practicing the most astounding economies. Mrs. Burnham recommends the big cape. It will fit any member of the family, no one knows what is under it, it makes a fine bedspread, and folded, it makes a comfortable pad for those hard seats in third-class saloons on ocean liners.

Daddy spent his time in coffee shops. We could understand his desire to separate himself from a family that must have been a constant source of embarrassment to him. We doubt whether any of Mrs. Burnham's listeners were seriously converted to this mode of travel, but, anyway, it was amusing to hear her tell of it.

Among the announcements made by Mrs. Ross Miller, president of the club, was one for the next meeting to be held on Monday, April 3, in the Green Room. A play put on by the Carmel Players, directed by Chick McCarthy, will be presented. What it will be hasn't been decided upon yet, but Chick and Thelma are concentrating on turning out something that should make this next meeting an outstanding one.

A Carmel Woman's Club plan for highway beautification as outlined by Mrs. Miller, was read. It is the club's contribution to the current anti-billboard campaign and was "ayed" immediately by every member present. —M. W.

WATSON AND HALSEY GET NEW CHRYSLER THRILL

Our Gene Watson and Porter Halsey got a Chrysler Imperial demonstration this last week and are all enthusiastic about it. It seems that the new Chrysler will jump from a standing start to high without the necessity of your doing any shifting about it. In other words, you manipulate it only with your throttle pedal. We don't understand it, and don't think it is any better than our old age Packard, but Watson and Halsey tried it on straightaways and hills and insist that it puts the shift in the discard.

ELIZABETH HICKS WINS LOW GROSS IN GOLF

Elizabeth Hicks shot a 46-46-92 to win the low gross in the medal play at Pebble Beach last Wednesday, which marked the opening of the annual Pebble Beach golf tournament for women. A three-way tie for second low gross was shared by Clara Callender, Mrs. Charles Sambrailo and Mrs. Arthur MacArthur.

+ + +

THE CYMBAL has more readers per copy than the New York Times.

Harriet Griffith Pleases Many At Concert

Harriet Griffith, soprano, and Anne Greene, pianist, were heard in recital at the lounge of Hotel Del Monte last Monday night.

Miss Griffith's singing gave proof of the solid background of training and experience in concert work and on the operatic stage. Her voice is especially effective in pianissimo, a type of singing which artists are employing more and more these days, and one which is always pleasing to an audience.

Anne Greene was an effective accompanist and her piano must have been a great satisfaction to the singer. Anne also played two groups of solos, her interpretation of Scarlatti, Mozart and Brahms being authoritative in each case. She is a distinguished musician.

+ + + MRS. ALLEN GRIFFIN BEATS HUSBAND AT TENNIS

Mrs. Allen Griffin and Charles Frost defeated Allen Griffin and Roe Marie Arlen last Tuesday afternoon by 6-2, 6-3, to win the finals of the pre-tournament mixed-doubles tennis tourney at the Griffin court.

Opening rounds were played at the Hotel Del Monte courts and attracted a big entry list, the event being sponsored by Leo Kohler, professional at the hotel.

+ + + HERE'S HOPE FOR POST OFFICE AS FAR AS YOU CAN SEE IT

We always like to contribute to Carmel's post office building hopes whatever little impetus we can. Here's the latest one to take for what it is worth:

Shelburn Robison, president, Carmel Business Association, Carmel, California.

Dear Mr. Robison:

I am in receipt of your letter of February 14 with reference to a new post office for Carmel.

Before receiving your letter I had received other communications on this subject and I took up the matter with the Post Office Department. I am glad to tell you that Carmel is on the "waiting list" and has been favorably considered by the Post Office Department and the Procurement Division. The cost tentatively decided upon is to be about \$124,000.

Mountain View, I understand, is to get the next post office building in the 8th California Congressional District. This decision has already been reached by the Post Office Department. However, I feel sure that Carmel will get a new building as soon as additional funds are appropriated by Congress.

You may rest assured that I shall keep right after the matter.

Assuring you of my desire to be of service and with kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,
J. Z. ANDERSON
Congressman, 8th District.
Feb. 20, 1939.

+ + +
SIERRA MADRE WISTARIA

Present indications are that the annual Wistaria Vine Gardens Fete will open its 19th year at Sierra Madre on or about March 20, reports the touring department of the National Automobile Club. The vine itself, in its 46th year, occupies 1 1/4 acres of ground and each year attracts thousands of devotees. Azaleas are scheduled to bloom between March 15 and April 1 at the Coolidge Rare Plant Gardens on North Foothill Boulevard in Pasadena, states the club.

+ + +
52 ISSUES of the country's swell-est weekly newspaper for One Dollar. Imagine that!

MRS. MILLARD KLEIN TO DISCUSS KINDERGARTEN

Mrs. Millard Klein, who directs the adult study group on pre-school and primary age children on Friday afternoons in the Sunset School kindergarten, will discuss answers to such questions as "what sort of drawings can a three-year-old be expected to make?" and "when can a child's drawings be expected to bear a resemblance to the articles they represent?"

"High, Wide and Deep," a book by C. Madeleine Dixon on the pre-school child, will be reviewed. You are invited to come and bring your friends. The time is from 3 to 5 o'clock p.m.

+ + + BARRIE O'SHEA TEACHES ENTHUSIASTIC GROUP

Wearing the briefest of shorts, the women's new exercise class of Barrie O'Shea got under way last Tuesday morning at the Copper Cup Room in Hotel Del Monte.

Under O'Shea's skillful guidance, a half hour of exercise, planned to take poundage off where poundage is wont to accumulate, was followed by a half-hour of dancing, utilizing the traditional ballet forms that bring complete relaxation and develop poise and balance.

When we were all puffing, our bloodstream in full spate, we were led like lambs to the massage parlor. Here weights and measurements were filed on a card for comparison with weights and measurements to be taken later—compared, need we say, with considerable elation.

About a 15-minute work-out on the electrical bicycle and the vibrator and we were ready for the steam room. In this warm, misty atmosphere troubles vanish with the toxic poisons that pour out of your skin. When you think you've had enough, turn on the shower and get steeped in coldness. Then wrap your sheet around you, wander out like some newly-released astral self and choose your couch. Then comes the famous Bob Bissel with his aromatic oils and his marvelous hands to put the crowning touch on your feeling of sleekness and well-being.

All this has taken just two hours, from 11 o'clock until 1 p.m. It happens each Tuesday and Thursday.

—M. W.

+ + +
Official word received from the PWA resulted in work being started this morning on the sewage treatment and disposal plant down on the so-called "island" site. The contractor is F. C. Stolte Co. of Pacific Grove.

+ + +
ASK VICTOR GRAHAM of the Village Five and Ten about the selling power of CYMBAL advertising.

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Dr. McCabe on Skis Breaks His Leg

Dr. W. H. McCabe broke more than a record when he flew down the Chinquapin Trail at Badger Pass on skis just a week ago yesterday. He broke his leg, and the record that was broken as well was not for skiing. It was simply that after his leg was put in a cast that night he was able to finish out his vacation at Badger Pass Ski Lodge and be back on the job again in Carmel on Monday morning.

From the top of the slope he suddenly discovered that everyone was out of cigarettes, so down he went like a bat out of hell to fetch some. When he came to a rough place and tried to brake his speed, his skis wouldn't take hold on the icy crust. Mrs. McCabe, who had reached the bottom of the slope in a more controlled fashion, saw him fall, and climbed up to him. Together they managed to strap his skis together so that they could be used as a sled, and on them he coasted down to the clubhouse below. He was then driven to the Lewis Memorial Hospital in the valley, a distance of 22 miles. X-rays taken disclosed the fibula broken just above the ankle. It was set and put in a cast and a new type of iron brace which enables the wearer to get around while the bone is setting.

When we saw Dr. McCabe on Monday he was conducting business as usual and being pretty nonchalant about the whole thing.

ARSENIC POISONING AMONG DOGS REPORTED

Six cases of arsenic poisoning among dogs who are accustomed to taking their daily run in the Mission Tract have been reported recently. Although there is no reason to believe that a deliberate attempt to poison dogs is being made by any of the residents, and that the arsenic is undoubtedly being scattered around to protect gardens from gophers and rabbits and such, a warning to dog owners is definitely indicated.

So, keep your dogs out of the Mission Tract!



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Rimsky-Korsakov Program Proves Successful

Mrs. Margaret Grant presented an interesting and well-balanced program built around the life and works of Rimsky-Korsakov last Tuesday night when the Musical Art Club held its March meeting at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. More than 150 members and friends were seated around the fireplace in the lounge.

Mrs. Grant's own pungent and brief biographical sketch of his life gave impetus to the opening, and a comprehensive program of Russian music followed.

Edith Anderson sang two Russian songs and she was never in better voice. I like it better each time I hear her sing. "The Slave," by Richard Kountz, was repeated by demand. It doesn't take an oracle to see that she will go far in her art.

Donald Layman was received enthusiastically by the audience. His last group was interpreted with warmth and feeling and brought an applause that persisted until he had granted an encore.

Marjorie Wurzmann played two numbers, the *Coq d'Or* and the *Scheherezade* of Rimsky-Korsakov. This last was particularly lush and colorful, partly because Fritz had the presence of mind to open up the piano, an act which should have been done in the first place. The upper register of that piano sounded pretty thin, as it was.

When Rose and Frank Siino and their accordions made their appearance for solos with Donna Bisnett as their accompanist, Mrs. Grant presented them as though they were the *piece de resistance* of the evening, and the audience responded as though it thought likewise. Frank's solo, that celebrated Russian thing of ancient vintage, *Black Eyes*, was delightful. He had to play it over again for us and we would have been glad to have heard it a third time.

+++

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

Mr. Squier's sixth and seventh grade class has started a hobby club. Everyone brings their hobby and displays it before the class.

Friday we chose a president, vice president and secretary. The president is Irving Williams, vice-president, Baird Bardarson, secretary, Cynthia Klein.

The naming of the club has been put off until the next meeting of the group.

The children that brought their hobbies are: Irving Williams, Baird Bardarson, Cynthia Klein, Lillie Harris, Bill Goss, Walter Warren, Bob Holm, Tony Van Riper, Betsy Roeth, Sonja Koehler, Kathleen McAulay, Junior Levinson, Joy Melrose, Suzanne Watson and Donna Thomas. These are charter members.

You become a member of the hobby club when you bring, display and tell how you started your hobby. We have plans that after we get the hobby club organized in our room we hope to include the upper grades first, then the lower ones, and finally to make it a community affair. This may seem like a large undertaking but we feel that we can do it with a little effort on our part.

All the hobbies are very interesting. A few of them are: stamps, match folders, coins, sea shells, post cards, and many other things.

—DONNA THOMAS
Seventh Grade.

Former Declares Statements Made Confusing and Misleading and Not Based on Facts

(Continued from Page One)
were 13½ usable acres in the Paradise Park tract.

Prices quoted (these are asking prices and may reasonably be expected to be reduced on negotiation if the school board is given a free hand to negotiate) are:

Hatton Fields, \$31,000. Usable acreage, 9½; cost per usable acre, \$3,262.

Paradise Park, \$34,000. Usable acreage, 13½; cost per usable acre, \$2,518.

To make Hatton Fields acceptable to any community with a conscience, a highway underpass is necessary to eliminate the traffic hazard. To make such an underpass practical a landing zone would have to be provided on the west side of the highway. Minimum for these appurtenances: Underpass, \$4,000; landing zone, \$2,000. This amounts to an additional charge of \$631 per usable acre, a total rate of \$3,893 per usable acre in Hatton Fields as against \$2,518 in Paradise Park.

Apparently such a difference was too discouraging to be tackled in the Green Hell vs. Elysium manner, so at this point in the March 8th meeting a "cold deck" was rung in. It developed that only yesterday morning (still March 8) the Hatton Fields company had re-drawn the boundaries of the parcel . . and now the facts will have to be found out all over again.

One fact, however, has been clearly demonstrated: On a basis of comparative prices for "usable acreage" (the aggressive group brought up this sub-heading in the first place), Messrs. Shea and Graham in refusing to be stampeded into the purchase of the Hatton Fields site seem to have taken a reasonable position.

The re-vamped Hatton Fields site is something else again. So is the Mission Ranch location.

The March 8 meeting, if it was anything, was a vindication of Messrs. Shea and Graham and all public officers and trustees who resist the kind of pressure that was applied. Messrs. Batten, Bixler, Comstock, Kellogg and Wallace can continue to look facts right in the eye with the assurance that the majority of the community approves that method of carrying on the public business.

—C. K. VAN RIPER
+

Hugh Comstock, chairman of the fact-finding committee and member of the school board, answered Mr. Van Riper in this statement given to THE CYMBAL yesterday afternoon:

+

It seems unfortunate to me that as fine a public-spirited man as Mr. Van Riper—one who has contributed so much to the cause of our future High School, should take so much to heart the differences evolving out of the selection of a site. These differences were bound to occur and we will iron them out.

Other people who have worked most strenuously in the same cause have their views in the matter of locating the new school and should have a right to express their views.

I think so important a matter as selecting a site should be submitted to the people. Yesterday's meeting was premature other than for the purpose of getting direct from Dr. Bursch and Mr. Kump information needed by the fact-finding committee. The fact-finding committee had expressed a desire to hear from

Dr. Bursch before submitting a report.

Statements printed in Mr. Van Riper's letter relative to areas and cuts are confusing and misleading. I sincerely hope they are not printed for that purpose.

—HUGH W. COMSTOCK
+++

Michel Maskiewitz Pleases Scores

In the peaceful informality of Miss Laura Dierssen's drawing room last Wednesday night a group of friends and music lovers sat together in the firelight and listened to piano music by Michel Maskiewitz.

His choice of numbers was a compliment to his audience. He opened with a choral of Bach-Busoni followed by the brilliant and precise Scarlatti *Pastorale* and two intermezzos and a rhapsody of Brahms. The order of arrangement in these studies was particularly noticeable as a study in contrasts.

It was perhaps in the Chopin group that Maskiewitz demonstrated his ability as a pianist of importance, because it is in the interpretation of the works of the greatest master of them all that he finds his particular forte. Two Chopin studies, two nocturnes, including the favorite Opus 27, No. 2, and the brilliant *Fantaisie*, which is probably the most magnificent, and also one of the most difficult, of Chopin compositions, were included in this group.

A *Fairy Tale* of the Russian composer, Metner, a study of Scriabine and the *Tristan* and *Isolde* of Wagner-Liszt completed the recital. It was an evening to treasure. Good music, interpreted satisfactorily by a competent musician amid congenial and intimate surroundings, occurs rarely enough. —M. W.

+++

ARTY CLAY SELLS MILK
BUT HE ALSO CAN FLY
LIKE THE DEVIL

Arthur Clay of McDonald's Dairy soloed yesterday morning at Monterey Airways and, according to Alton Walker, made the best three-point landing of any student who has ever soloed at the field. His plane was the new wheel control Aeronca, and Arthur is also the first student to solo in this plane, the one which was parked on Ocean avenue in front of the Normandy some time ago.

+++

MRS. S. F. B. MORSE GIVES
PARTY FOR GOLFERS

A cocktail party given in honor of the feminine golfers in the Pebble Beach Golf Tournament by Mrs. S. F. B. Morse was held yesterday afternoon at Del Monte Lodge. Golfers thus honored were Miss Dorothy Traung, Mrs. L. J. Tescher, Mrs. Decker McAllister and Mrs. Louis Lengfeld of Hillsboro; Barbara Beech Thompson, Mrs. Harry Hunt, Mrs. Grant Stephenson, Mrs. J. M. Rauers, Mrs. June Sovey, Miss Clara Calender, Mrs. C. D. Rand of Carmel; Mrs. Paul Gardner, Mrs. Robert Crawford, Mrs. Al Jolson, Miss Elizabeth Hicks of Long Beach; Mrs. Arthur MacArthur and Miss Audrey Davies of Hollywood.

Invited to meet the visiting golfers were the Paul Winslows, the Carl Stanleys, the Ashton Stanleys, the Allen Griffins, Robert Stantons, Harold Macks, Paul Veeders, Warren Clears and Frank Heffelfinger and his sister, Miss Mary Heffelfinger, guests at the Lodge from Minneapolis.

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SMALL COTTAGE on Lincoln near 10th. \$2500. See THOBURNS. Across from the Library. (10)

LARGER LOT \$600. Compare size, 66 x 95 ft., price, location, with any other lots in Carmel. In restricted residential section of Carmel Woods. Sewer connection. Ideal for building. Terms can be arranged. Also we have 40 x 100 ft. lot on North Dolores for \$400. FHA Loan available on these lots. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Building, Ocean Avenue, Phone 66. (10)

7 LOTS \$1400. Here is an investment opportunity. Each lot 25 x 100 ft. Can build a rental cottage on each lot. Close in, convenient to business section. Ideal for income cottages. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Avenue. Phone 66. (10)

SPECIAL LOT BARGAIN. 50 x 100 ft. on North Monte Verde. Must be sold quick. Worth more. Price \$600. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg. Phone 66. (10)

YOU CAN NEVER TELL how many answers you will get to a CYMBAL CLASSIFIED AD. It's strange, but sometimes you don't get any, and then, again.

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LEGAL NOTICE

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF HELEN REMER BURT, WHO WAS SOMETIMES KNOWN AS HELEN WARE BURT, AND WHO WAS ALSO SOMETIMES KNOWN AS HELEN A. BURT, AND WHO WAS ALSO SOMETIMES KNOWN AS HELEN WARE, DECEASED.

No. 6444

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Monterey County Trust & Savings Bank, as executor of the last will and testament of Helen Remer Burt, who was sometimes known as Helen Ware Burt, and who was also sometimes known as Helen A. Burt, and who was also sometimes known as Helen Ware, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, within six months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey, or to present them, with the necessary vouchers, within six months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the principal place of business of said executor at 201 Main Street, Salinas, California, which last named place the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said decedent.

Dated: February 17, 1939.
MONTEREY COUNTY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

By T. P. Joy, Trust Officer, As Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Helen Remer Burt, who was sometimes known as Helen Ware Burt, and who was also sometimes known as Helen A. Burt, and who was also sometimes known as Helen Ware, deceased.

HUDSON, MARTIN & FERRANTE
Attorneys for Executor.

Date of first publication: Feb. 17, 1939
Date of last publication: March 17, 1939.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

MONTE VERDE APARTMENTS. Newly remodeled. Ocean view. Large, comfortable rooms and apartments. Attractive rates. Monte Verde near Ocean. Tel. 71. (10)

IF YOU lose a dog or cat member of your family, THE CYMBAL will print your lost ad for absolutely nothing and be glad of the opportunity.

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ROOM AND BOARD for elderly people or convalescents with nursing care. Phone Pacific Grove 3470. (10)

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MAN'S SUEDE GLOVE. Fur-lined. Somewhere on Ocean Ave. Tel. 673. (10)

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"Pursuit of Happiness" Good Play But Very Poorly Cast: Lee Crowe Stars In Leading Role

My heart dictates charity toward the Carmel Players' production of "The Pursuit of Happiness." What I choose to call my journalistic honesty quarrels most mightily with my heart. My emotional reactions to the play (seen on Saturday night with Chick McCarthy reading the lines of an incapacitated member of the cast) compel a large amount of applause. My critical responsibility demands a throttling of my emotions.

It was another case of the playwrights saving the cast—that is, the cast from Lee Crowe, Margenette Meldrim and Hildreth Masten down. No more perfect interpretation of the role could have been given by Crowe. Margenette was halted at the line of perfection by the unfortunate thinness of her voice. Hildreth was swell without qualification.

As for the others, my principal complaint is that the play was badly cast. As it developed most unhappily Frank Dickinson never should have been asked to carry the unusually heavy burden under which he collapsed on the second night of the play. Dick Masten was definitely miscast. He belonged in Dickinson's role, which McCarthy read the last two nights of the play. Dick has a homely, quiet, straight-thinking manner about him that particularly fits him for the part of Aaron in this play. I am glad that it is probable he will play this part in subsequent presentations of the play here and in Monterey.

Helen Coolidge was too jittery even to fit into our exaggerated picture of the Puritan dame and Bob Bratt interjected too high a note of comedy into his part and was terribly made-up.

I should have said above that I have no quarrel with the casting of Torey Butler. He ranked high in the cast.

As for Del Page, this play clarified in my mind what is the matter with his acting. I had almost come to a conclusion about it in the past, but this time I think I have it. He plays his parts too stridently, and I have said this before, as particularly noted in "Three Men on a Horse." But his main fault is his bad articulation. Even with the slowing down of speech in his simulation of the southern drawl he forgot himself so often and ran his words together so often that you lost many of his lines. If Del Page could overcome his intensity of nature and pull his voice down and slow it down he would be all that could be desired. Contrasting him with Lee Crowe, whose every syllable you heard clearly, was particularly bad for Page.

But the play was so funny and some of the situations so delicately ribald, if you can appreciate that combination of words, that "The Pursuit of Happiness" proved a

success despite the handicaps of cast. It is to be devoutly hoped that the Players, setting forth on their destiny as a reorganization, can whip it into shape for the productions it is said will be made in Monterey soon.

As for the business of the play, I think that if you bundle you should bundle. I don't know how this thing was done in the New York production, but if it were as the Players did it, *Prudence* was just as cold—physically, I mean—in bed as she was out on the floor with a shawl around her. You don't get warm on a New England winter night sitting up in bed with the covers scarcely above your knees. And, after all, there's a limit to the imagination—even among the best people.

The stage setting was quite good and we have Billy France and John Stanley to thank for that.

We still believe Chick McCarthy is a good director. Where he is inclined to fall down is in his casting.

—W. K. B.

+++ "Jesse James" In Carmel Sunday



The long-awaited Darryl F. Zanuck production, "Jesse James," technicolor production of Twentieth Century-Fox, comes to the Carmel Theatre on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, March 12, 13 and 14.

The performance of Tyrone Power in the title role is one of the outstanding contributions of the year, so 'tis said. So perfectly does he portray the almost legendary figure of Jesse James that after a time you are completely convinced the famous outlaw is once more roaming the hills of the West.

Other brilliant characterizations are presented by Henry Fonda in the role of Frank James, and Nancy Kelly as Zerelda, Jesse James' wife. Randolph Scott is good as Marshal Wright and a fine supporting cast does its bit down to the last man.

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